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The Reading Matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the Foreign and Domestic News of the Day.

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[WHOLE NO. 99.]

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE TIMES.

GARCIA FENELON;

OR,

THE TRULY GOOD.

BY MAT SOCIAL.

CHAPTER III.

Oh God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing.

Byron.

Mine after life! what is mine after life?
My day is closed! the gloom of night is come!
A hopeless darkness settles o'er my fate.
Joanna Baile.

How interminable seemed the miles
over which Garcia travelled ere reaching
home: at length the carriage arrived.
She feared to question the old domestic
that assisted her to alight, so grave was
the face he bore.

"Master not dead yet, bress de Lord!"
said Harry; for he saw the tears in his
young mistress's eyes.

Theodore met her at the entrance, and
threw his arms around her; for with all his
waywardness, he loved his sister.

"Papa is very low—but asks often for
you," said he.

Hurriedly pulling off her bonnet, she
entered the chamber where her father lay
breathing his last.

"My Father!" groaned she sinking
down near his couch—"my blessed Father,
do I indeed find you thus?"

"Hear up my loved one—it is a dispensa-
tion from Him who doeth all things
well—come, let me take your hand, poor
one, soon I must leave you in a dream
world to struggle against sorrow; yet
be comforted, God will never forsake
thee." His son came to the bed, and
looking at him, he murmured—"Theodore,
love your Sister, even as she has
loved you—protect her from the unfeeling
world as far as you are capable, and
may God in Heaven take care of and bless
you both—my children!"

Horace Fenelon lingered upon Earth
but three days after the arrival of his
daughter. In the mean time, he told her
what, up to this period she had been ig-
norant of, that the farm and mansion in
which he lived, was her property; be-
queathed her by her maternal grandfather;
but that in accordance with the will, he
had kept possession of it until she arrived
at the age of twenty-one; and as she was
now of that age, at his death, she might
dispose of it as she chose.

In the will of Horace, his wife and son
were well provided for, and to Garcia he
had also given a large portion of his
wealth. He desired that Garcia, after his
decease, should go to her mother's
brother, in New York. Tearfully Garcia
waited on her Father; he had, beside her
brother, been the only thing that made life
tolerable. Alas! poor young girl—ever-
y bud that had promised fair in life had
been blighted by the frost of sorrow, and
her spirit had learned to bow in holy sub-
mission at the feet of the lowly Nazarene.

She longed to burst the fetters that bound
her to an earthly existence, and so away,
where she might dwell with the loved and
lost. Now, her last parent was about to
leave her, well might she weep.

The last hour had come. Horace was
bidding adieu to earthly scenes—faintly
he called for his family; they crowded
around him—a weeping throng—he bade
the domestics a final adieu, then took the
hand of Nina.

"Nina, my wife—proudly I took thee
to my bosom years ago, and every pulse
of my being beat in fondness for you, my
beautiful—if we have not lived as quietly
as we might, may God forgive; try to
meet me in a clime of bliss. Adieu!
dearer art thou in this my dying moment,
than my troubling lips can tell. Come,
my children, receive your Father's last
blessing—may the Holy One watch over
you both; may you never be led into tem-
ptation."

"Father, is Jesus with you, while you
are passing through the dark shadow?"

"He is, my daughter—I shall sleep,
but awake in light—His rod and staff
comfort me." Raise me up a little—
there—Father, I come!—Horace Fenelon
was dead!

In anguish bent that family over their
dead, and for the first time in her life
Nina knew what real sorrow was. As she
gazed on those features, she felt that never
again would they relax with the smile
of tenderness which for her they had so
often worn. Alas, for Garcia! in the fu-
ture much unhappiness was in store for
her—well might she lie insensible from
the grief that wrung her spirit. Poor
wayward Theodore! he truly sorrowed for
the loving parent, that had taught him
lessons of rectitude so gently, while he
had heeded them not.

The minister spoke feelingly, when the
last sad offices were performed over the
chapel tenement, that had been the dwell-
ing place of the immortal soul of Horace.

To the living weeping friends around, he
showed how vain and fleeting were the
things of Earth—that amid its pageantry
and pomp the element of disease and death
were at work—that sorrow followed in the
train of the brightest joy—yet in the glo-
rious home prepared for the children of
God, there was bliss and happiness ever-
more. Respectfully he spoke of the virtues
of the departed, and comfortingly spoke of
the blessed reunion in Heaven with those
dear to him—and exhorted those who li-
gered yet amid the scenes of Earth to
make the preparation needful, to secure
them a place where the members of a fam-
ily all may meet, if they perform their du-
ty.

Many days of gloom followed the burial
of Horace. Garcia mournfully made the
requisite arrangements to go to New York,
according to her Father's request. She
desired that Nina should remain in her
home; but the seeds of prejudice had ta-
ken root, and sprang up in that sinful
breast—so long had they choked up all
better feelings, that they triumphed. The
last night that they were all to remain
together had come—the morning Nina
was to go to her Father's family, taking
Theodore; and Garcia to New York. Le-
lia Ashton, a young friend, was staying
to "see the last" of Garcia—and they re-
tired early; after speaking some hours in
tearful conversation, they slept. Suddenly
they were aroused—

"Fire! Fire!" was borne on the night
wind by terrified negroes, while a bright
light shone in their chamber. Hurriedly
they arose—the house was in flames—the
neighbors had gathered, and were busy
in their efforts to stay the conflagration;
but all proved unavailing. Fortunately,
no lives were lost, and a few articles of
value were rescued from the flames.

On, on the fire swept in its mad career;
consuming the "out houses" attached to
the farm—like a demon in anger it pur-
sued its way, and after it had seemingly
appeased its wrath, it died out, and dark-
ness reigned monarch o'er the blackened
ruins.

Kind neighbors welcomed the homeless;
and they gladly took advantage of the pla-
ces of refuge opened to them, until they
could carry out their former designs.

CHAPTER IV.

Thus did the ever changing course of things
Run a perpetual circle, ever turning;
And that same day that highest glory brings,
Brings us unto the point of back returning.

Daniel.

How little do they see what is what frame
Their hasty judgments upon that which seems.

Southey.

The scene changes to the gay and busy
city of New York. In one of the most
aristocratic streets, in a princely mansion,
resides Addison Herman. It is a fashion-
able hour for morning calls; and the Her-
man family are gathered in a pleasant pa-
rlour for the reception of visitors. Mrs.
Herman, a dignified personage is sitting
in a luxurious arm chair, conversing with
a gentleman of pleasing exterior, seem-
ingly about twenty years of age. A lit-
tle apart from the pleasant couple, sits
Leora the eldest daughter of Addison Her-
man, ostensibly conversing with Hattie,
a little cherub of five years, but really lis-
tening with interest to the conversation
going on between her Mother and Ferdi-
nand Liston.

Leora is a charming girl, with dark
brown hair neatly arranged over a classic
brow, and hazel eyes, beaming with light
and gladness. Being remarkably fond of
children, she had this morning coaxed the
little golden haired Hattie from the nurse-
ry into the parlour, to amuse her until
visitors came. Young Liston was a caller,
but as he had visited the house often in
his boyhood, and had resumed those vis-
its, and made them quite as frequent on
his return from an European tour, he was
received more as one of the family, than
the generality of gentlemen that met to
louge about a few hours, in the elegant
parlours of the millionaire.

"Mrs. Herman, my Mother informed
me that you had received news of the death
of Mr. Fenelon."

"It is even so Ferdinand; and we are
about to have an addition to our family,
in the shape of his daughter; although a
cousin to my children, she has had but
little intercourse with them, having nev-
er seen them, and only has written twice
to Leora. I do not know whether it will
be an agreeable arrangement to have her
here, or not. Mrs. Grundy who visited
the South some winters ago, informed me
that she had met her at a dining in Mont-
gomery, and that the opinion she formed
of her, was that she was of a morose, tac-

iturn disposition, and rather courted so-
litude than society."

"But, Mama," said, Leora, "she is
doubtless a girl of intelligent and affec-
tionate disposition—that is evident from her
beautiful letter to Papa, on the death of
Uncle Horace."

Just at this moment Mr. Herman en-
tered, holding a note in his hand—"Ju-
lia, my niece—is at the Astor; she has
addressed this brief note, informing me
of the fact, and saying that the gentleman
who accompanied her, is to return this
afternoon, and desires us to come without
delay. I have ordered the carriage, and
will bring her to dinner."

"We were just speaking of her—pre-
sent our compliments, and desire her to
return with you, in my name," said Mrs.
Herman, anxiously, as her husband was leav-
ing the room.

"Shall I remain to witness the arrival of
Miss Fenelon?" said Ferdinand. "Per-
haps she would prefer to meet no stran-
gers."

"Pshaw! Ferdinand, we are all stran-
gers to her; and you are already engaged
to dine with us."

"But, that was with the presumption,
that I was to take a drive this afternoon
with Miss Leora; which will beout of the
question now."

A shade of disappointment, in spite of
herself, stole over the features of Leora;
but rallying, she remarked mischievously,
"I should not think that so gallant a gen-
tleman as yourself, would fly at the ap-
proach of a lady."

"But, this lady seems rather formida-
ble," said he in the same tone; "if she is
averse to society, as represented, she might
look coldly on me, and I have often told
you a lady's frown always frightened me;
but, seriously, I feel some curiosity to see
the one in question; for I became quite
attached to Mr. Fenelon when he visited
our state, previous to my departure for
Europe, and would like to know if his
daughter is like him."

"Hattie, come with Mama," said Mrs.
Herman as she arose for the purpose of
leaving the young people to entertain
themselves, while she attended to the
arrangement of a room for Garcia. Some
time elapsed—no word was spoken—Leora
laughed a low musical laugh—

"What excites your risibilities?"

"I was thinking how stupid we both
are, that we can find nothing to say. I
am sure Cousin Garcia will form a very
unfavorable impression of us, if we are as
dumb on her entrance as we have been
for the last half hour. One would think
some enchantment had imposed the penalty
of silence on us, for some offence."

"That would be a task, would it not?"

"Ladies, at least, are not easily rendered
dumb. It is marvellous, what an uncon-
querable fondness they have for loquacity;
instance there are, I know, that are ex-
ceptions, but—"

"But what? desist calumniating my
sex!" said Leora in a tone of mock stern-
ness. "Ambrose Hunter had the hardi-
hood to assert last night, that our sex
could not keep a secret. I propose that
we ladies sit in council, and exclude all
such gentlemen as adulterers in the investi-
gation of our society, until they retract."

"I cry for mercy—don't deprive us of
the pleasure of your company for so slight
an offence. But, can women keep any
thing secret? History records the fact of
Mrs. Fenelon's having told her life to the indis-
cretions of her wife, in telling something that
it was important to keep concealed—by
the order of a monarch he was executed."

"He was the first to communicate it,
so it seems he could keep it no better than
we, since through him she became aware of
it. As a proof that woman can if ne-
cessary be trusted with secrets, I'll give you
a scrap from history in return. Leora,
a Grecian woman, was aware of cir-
cumstances which it was important to a
certain faction to ascertain; she was put
to torture in order to force her to give in-
formation; and lest she should be com-
pelled by her excruciating sufferings to tell
what she knew, she bit off her own tongue,
and spit it in the face of her tormentors."

"This is the only instance that you can
mention I presume—here is the car-
riage."

Garcia Fenelon was ushered in the pa-
rlour by her Uncle, looking pale indeed,
but quite lovely in mourning attire. "This
is my daughter, Leora, dear niece; I hope
you will find in her a cheering companion,"
said Mr. Herman. Leora took her Cousin's
hand, and kissed her timidly; for it seemed
rather strange to kiss one whom she had
never seen.

"Mr. Liston—Miss Fenelon."

Garcia raised her mournful eyes, and
met the respectful gaze of interest bent
upon her, from eyes of heaven's own blue;
blushing painfully, she yet returned the
bow of Ferdinand—with an air of ease and
elegance, that won his admiration. Her
Cousin hurried her off to the room that
was assigned her; and Mrs. Herman went
very soon to be presented to the new com-
er.

At dinner they all met again—Garcia
ate but little; her heart was filled with

sad reflections upon the dear parent she
had so recently lost, and of the persons
whom she had left in her own sunny clime;
which, though they had never treated her
with the sympathetic kindness she longed
for, yet, they had been with her through
the varying scenes of life, and she could
not but feel that familiar faces, though un-
kind, would make her feel quieter than at
present, surrounded by strange ones. And
Theodore, her precious brother, she trem-
bled for him—with his propensities for
evil all unchecked by the mother too men-
tally weak to guide him aright—while the
good and noble in his character was suffe-
ring to lie dormant, because of some kind
hand to train the neglected plants within
his bosom—of virtue and reverence.

The persons around the table strove to
engage her in a pleasant conversation, in
order to make her more at ease; but as
she replied in monosyllables, they were
forced to desist. Ferdinand felt that Mrs.
Grundy had been correct in her impres-
sions, but he was compelled to acknowl-
edge that her countenance bore evidence
of deeper feeling, than her manners evin-
ced. It was a relief to all when a short
time after dinner, she requested politely
to be excused, and retired to her own
room.

In a few days Garcia became quite do-
mesticated. In the mean time, her Un-
cle's son, Addison Herman, Jr., returned
from Philadelphia, where he had been
with a party of young friends on a trip of
pleasure. "Addie," as all the household cal-
led him, was not handsome—rather ugly
than otherwise—but there was such a fund
of humor and generous feeling beaming
from his countenance, that nobody thought
him any thing else but good looking. He
became a warm friend of his "Little Cox,"
as he called Garcia, though she was tall,
and well rounded in person; often when
she would have been said, he caused her to
smile. Through "Addie's" instrumen-
tality, much of Garcia's reserve of man-
ner was thrown off, and she became less
approachable.

"Little Cox," said Addie, one morning,
as he drew an ottoman to her feet, while
she sat sewing, "do you know that the
gentleman take you to be a man hater?"

"No."

"They do; do you see you group of gay
gallants, playing the agreeable to Sister?"

Garcia looked on the other side of the
room.

"Well."

"Before they would gather around you
so, they would leave the house."

"A proof that Cousin Leora is the more
fascinating."

"No! each one would give any thing,
except his moustache, to be sitting where
I am; but you turn so coldly from them."

"Cousin Addie, I don't know them as
well as Leora does, consequently I am not
so social."

"Granted, Cousin mine, but I have
penetrated little farther into your reasons—
you deem them shallow plat coxmoths,
(as they are) and unfit or incapable of con-
versing with you on topics of interest.

Cousin, you should never have been brought
in contact with fashionable society, as it
is in cities; you are too pure, too intel-
lectual to mingle with the promiscuous
throng; you will find a few congenial spi-
rits—alas! how few."

"Thank you, courteous, yet flattering,
"Addie"—I presume that I am not too
elevated to be within your sphere, as you
can have sufficient courage to draw so
near to me—a trace to that sad look your
brow is now wearing, after making fun of
me, you must needs look grave—and
wherefore?"

"Cousin Garcia—I was serious; you
deem me light, and I am, a lighter thing
than vanity; yet I have moments of seri-
ous reflection, in which I think deeper
than my wont."

The conversation lightly begun, grew
into a sober religious one. Ferdinand Lis-
ton had joined the visitors, but finding
nothing interesting in the themes discus-
sed by Leora's party, had approached a ta-
ble to look over a portfolio of drawings;
his attention was arrested by some remarks
of Garcia, and he unconsciously drew near-
er, until he could be an attentive listener.

He had been reared by a step-mother; but
a truly pious, and who had instilled in
the mind of the boy left to her care by a
dying husband, lessons of holy morality—

Religion to him was beautiful in all, but
far more in woman—more beautiful still,
that it was so rarely met with—and he lis-
tened in rapt admiration, to the truths so
eloquently expressed by the pretty lips of
Garcia; while those dark eyes of hers lit
up with a fire of holy enthusiasm.

Garcia seldom appeared at church. Her
term of mourning seemed to her fashion-
able friends unnecessarily prolonged; but
she found more holy communion in her
chamber with her Heavenly Father, than
in the glittering edifice, where so many
went more for display, than to serve Him
to whom it was consecrated.

Mrs. Herman had long cherished the
wish that Leora should become the bride
of Ferdinand Liston; and it was with feel-
ings of exultation, she watched his growing

interest in Garcia. An opportunity soon
occurred for her to change the current of
her feelings.

One sweet Sabbath morning, the church
bells pealed on the air in solemn tones,
calling the devout to service. Ferdinand
knowing Garcia's fondness for walking,
went to Mr. Herman's, with the hope of
inducing her to give up the ride in the
carriage, and accompany him. To his
surprise, she declared her intention of re-
maining at home, so he concluded to ride
with the family. On their way to church,
Mrs. Herman desecrated on the inconsis-
tency of talking so much, with seeming
interest on the subject of religion; and
yet, neglecting one of its most important
duties; namely, attending, and joining in
the service at church. Ferdinand felt
pained, he scarce knew why—but it broke
upon his mind, that Garcia was not all she
professed to be, and he felt that he should
not feel the same friendly attachment that
he formerly did for her.

Poor Garcia! she was in her chamber
weeping—a letter was before her from Le-
lia Ashton.

"I would write you favourably, dearest,"
it said, "of your brother, in answer to
your inquiry; but alas! truth compels
me to say, that he is the companion of
vice youths, and in the downward way to
ruin; you complain that he does not write
to you. He does not attend to his duties
at school, and I fear, finds more pleasure
in his unrestrained vice, than it will be
bearable for you to know. I am aware of
your piety, which has been a shield from
the drear blasts of misfortune and sorrow
that have ever hovered over you. Oh!
may your perfect trust in Him whose arm
is strong to save, keep you, my loved one,
from sinking with your weight of sor-
rows."

Much more the letter said, comforting
her, but not until she had broken down of
spiritual prayerfully at the feet of her
Redeemer, did Garcia get strength.

She arose from this sweet communion
with the Holy One, wrote a few lines to
Leolia, and then read her Bible until the
dinner bell sounded.

A week or two after the before men-
tioned occurrence, "Addie" was to leave
for College, the family left to leave him
until the last moment, had gone to the door
—the "adieu's" were said to all, and last-
ly he took Garcia's hand in his, and while
a tear trembled in his eye, he tried to speak
in his wonted happy manner—

"Good bye, little Cox, keep heart whole
until I come, for though you say cousins
have no right to marry, yet I intend to
keep a watch over you lest some unworthy
one steals your affections."

Garcia blushed. "Good bye, Addie,
may God watch over you; remember your
promise to seek the 'pearl of great price.'"
Garcia's eye at that moment wandered to
where Ferdinand stood, because she
thought, he at least, can echo this. Fer-
dinand's lip wore a curl of scorn.

"Cousin, let us go to your chamber,"
said the weeping Leora; when Brother
leaves, I feel too much grieved to see
any one."

While Leora laid on a lounge
and wept, Garcia sat by a window in
thought. Why had that look seemed to
freeze her blood? why felt she a pang
unlike other sorrows had brought her?

Long communed she with herself. The
truth came to her mind, like the first faint
light of dawn, then brighter grew, till it
was plain as day light. She had noticed
him far more than all the gentlemen
whom she met in her present home, be-
cause there was a gentleness in his man-
ners, foreign to theirs, and he was intel-
lectual too; he had conversed with her
about History, sacred and profane; dwell-
ing with delight upon incidents that
called forth the admiration of man—land-
ed the perseverance of Demosthenes, his
overcoming obstacles in the way of his
becoming a speaker—scorned the grasping
after power, of him who had conquer-
ed the world, and wept because there was
no more to conquer—admired the self-
sacrificing, yet heroic character of Jose-
phine, and in dwelling on her character,
had shown his appreciation of woman's
nobility, when free from frivolities—
he had talked with her about poetry—and
her soul seemed lifted above Earth, as it
were; while he seemed to soar in the airy
regions of Fancy, and gathered bright
stars of thought, from the glittering Heav-
en of the mind. His favorites too, were
hers, painting, sculpture, music, the va-
rious departments of science, each had
been the theme of some pleasant con-
versation—her soul had drunk in as it were,
the melody of his voice; and her mind
had been mounting, step by step, while
she listened to the knowledge which he
imparted, to augment her already ample
store. She had been pained to miss him
among the family circle, and now when
his eye look coldly on her; and his lip
contemptuously curled, a chilling sensa-
tion had crept over her heart. She bowed
Garcia felt, in bitterness of spirit, she
loved—and he!—he had never given her
cause to think she was more to him than
another.

(Concluded next week.)

Gold cannot purchase a good conscience.

LOVE'S LAY.

BY MRS. C. H. CRISWELL.

Shall I speak to thy soul in dreams, love?
Or to thy waking ear?
The moon on my pathway beams, love,
The heart that clings to thee—
Shall I speak to thy soul in dreams, love?
Or wilt thou waking hear?

I would tell of the lonely hours, love,
The mournful, weary days,
Since the dying of the flowers, love,
'Neath Sol's autumnal rays—
I would tell of the weary hours, love,
I weave my pen's lays.

I would speak to thy pure, free soul, love,
With all the truth of mine—
Then, only thou canst control, love,
The heart that clings to thee—
I would speak to thy secret soul, love,
With all the strength of mine!

TWILIGHT.

BY J. J. JONES.

Is there a time when I love to muse,
Of angels of mercy who gladly diffuse
Their tokens of good, which mortals abuse,
Yes, 'tis twilight.

Is there a time when I love to stroll,
O'er fields and plains with gladness untold,
And the beauties of nature with joy behold,
Yes, 'tis twilight.

Is there a time when I delight to chat,
With her I love on this theme or that,
And hear her sweet voice, so pretty and pat,
Yes, 'tis twilight.

Is there a time when I love to gaze,
At the bright, bright stars whose golden rays,
Crown the brow of heaven and the blue haze,
'Tis lone twilight.

Is there a time when I love to sigh,
And think of dark hours long since passed by,
Which wrung tears of grief from every eye,
None, save twilight.

Is there a time when I love to pray,
And praise Him for the pleasures of day,
Whose angels becken me from earth away,
Yes, 'tis twilight.

There is no time so wrapped in peace,
So much like heaven whose joys increase,
So full of pleasure which ne'er shall cease,
As mid twilight.

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So much like heaven whose joys increase,
So full of pleasure which ne'er shall cease,
As mid twilight.

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at the Drug Store of

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

NEVER MORE.

BY J. J. J. J.

In the flush of the twilight, we parted.

When the dew drops lie thick on the leaves,

And the music of nature seems softened,

To blend with the spirit that grieves.

In the flush of the Autumn, we parted,

When the moon of the summer was o'er,

To be no more, to brightness and beauty,

Like the hopes of our hearts, never more.

How unlike when we met, was the parting,

Thou, our heart was unaltered with care

And the clouds that in darkness have gathered,

Cast no shadow or trace of their care.

There were tears on my brow when he lifted,

His cheek from that parting care;

They were left with the kiss he imparted,

The last he was ever to part.

And the light of a life-time swept over me,

With anguish and bitterness rife,

With the light of his presence had faded,

The last dream of my life.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

As increase of stock knowledge is what is the world, and

level in knowledge and skill, and which is the most useful, and

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both East and West, than in the almost

arctic Canada. The number of the British

troops attacked with this disease in

Jamaica is annually twelve in one thousand,

and, while in Canada it is only about six.

The British government have accordingly

resolved upon sending their consumptive

soldiers to a cold climate in preference to

a warm one.

CURE FOR STAMMERING.—The Sci-

entific American says, "at every syllable

pronounced, tap at the same time with the

finger. By so doing the most incoherent

stammerer will be surprised to find he can

pronounce quite fluently, and by long and

constant practice, he will pronounce per-

fectly well."

CHLOROPHORM LINIMENT FOR BURNS.—

M. Bargiacchi states that he has found

the extreme suffering produced by bad

burns completely relieved by means of a

liniment composed of chloroform and cod-

liver oil.

ONIONS.—It is a good plan to boil on-

ions in milk and water; it diminishes the

strong taste of that vegetable. It is, an

excellent way of serving up onions, to chop

them after they are boiled, and put them

in a stewpan, with a little milk, butter,

salt and pepper, and let them stew about

fifteen minutes. This gives them a fine

flavor, and they can be served up very hot.

TO MAKE GOOD TEA.—The proper way

to make a cup of good tea is a matter of

some importance. The tea pot is at once

filled up with boiling water; then the tea

is put into the pot, and is allowed to stand

five minutes before it is used. The leaves

gradually absorb the water, and as gradu-

ally sink to the bottom. The result is, that

the tea leaves are not scalded, as they are

when boiling water is poured over them;

and you get all the true flavor of the tea.

In truth, much less is required in this way

than under the old and common practice.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Cousin Fred.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Cousin Fred was a bachelor; that is, he

was on the shady side of thirty, and was

not supposed to be over partial to the fair

ladies of his acquaintance.

Fred was rather good looking—more

mustaches and heavy whiskers, was pos-

sessed of a good set of features, fine teeth;

and above and over all, as noble a heart as

ever beat in the breast of a—hand-

some young gentleman.

The ladies said he was "a love of a

man," twisted their curls, and ruffled

their flounces, with especial regard to the

conquest of the said gentleman's heart,

hand, and foot, particularly the latter.

But Fred contrived to keep all his prop-

erty, both real and personal, in his own

possession, and when managing progenitors

spoke of the bliss of having somebody to

sew on buttons, mend stockings, cook din-

ners, and find fault with, Fred mentally

said, "bah!"

Could he be in a string in place of a

displaced button? darn his own stockings

when they stood in need? Was not his

landlady an excellent caterer? and as to

the other item—some one with whom to

find fault—Oh, there was no trouble about

that, for when he was irritated he could

fling the boot-jack at the bed-post without

the risk of giving it a black eye, and the

contingent expense of a sympathizing M. D.

On the whole, Fred concluded, to re-

sign himself to celibacy, until he should

be attacked with the gout, in which case

he would be obliged to become Benedict

(we don't refer to Benedict Arnold) with

as good a grace as possible.

Alas! for the frailty of human resolu-

tion! Alas! for Fred Wilmington! strange

to say, a strawberry party finished up

his destiny!

One delightful day in June (of course

it was in June) a large party of Fred's

companions, ladies and gentlemen, rode

into the country in quest of strawberries.

came whortleberries and whortleberries

degenerated (?) into blackberries.

So it happened that the upshot of the

matter was that Mr. Frederick Wilming-

ton Esq., fell over "head and ears" in

love with Mary Moulton.

One evening, after all varieties of ber-

ries had made their *adieu*, Fred put on

his best cravat, gave an extra touch to his

hair, and went, on horseback, out to the

red house which contained his idol.

It was late twilight when he arrived,

and there in the gathering shadows reclin-

ing in an easy chair before the sitting-

room fire was the adored object of his af-

fections. She greeted him rather coldly,

Fred thought, but he was in no wise dis-

concerted, he had come to make a full and

free confession, and so he fell at her feet,

and clasping her struggling hair in his

poured out the whole story—"let me get

completely out of the bag!"

In trembling suspense he waited for a

reply. It came only too soon.

The lady seized the iron poker, and

brandishing it above the devoted head of

her hero, exclaimed—

"Go back to the lunatic asylum, sir;

from whence you have evidently escaped!

I want none of your love—I, a married

woman, and the mother of an interesting

family! strange, that I cannot visit my

own father and house without being insult-

ed, and frightened to death by a mad-

man!"

Fred sprang to his feet, and gazed at

the vision through the darkness.

"In heaven's name madam, who are you?"

he exclaimed, pale with rage.

"Who am I? do you ask? I'm not

ashamed of my name, I'd have you under-

stand! I am Sarah Ann Eliza Harland,

wife of Simeon Harland of Essex county,

Massachusetts, and daughter of Adolphus

Moulton Esq."

The secret was out. Fred heaved a

sigh of relief at finding it no worse. He

had mistaken the striking resemblance be-

tween the sisters for individuality, and

"popped the question" to Mary Moulton's

married sister;

"Of course, he apologized; and deter-

mined to make matters straight, he

went to the kitchen, and told Mary the

whole story, while she washed up the sup-

per dishes."

"What do you think she said?"

"I really am unable to inform you, but I

do not think she banished him; if she

did, the sentence must have been com-

muted, for in two months after Fred's

proposal to the wife of Simeon Harland of

Essex county, Massachusetts, cousin Fred

slipped on the matrimonial noose, threw

away cigars, buried buttonless shirts, and

heeded stockings in the Lethæan sea of

oblivion, and took Mary Moulton to be his

helpmate.

[Published by Request.]

BEAUTIFUL LINES.

The following lines were written by Ty-

rone Power, the famous Irish comedian,

who perished on the steamer President.

They were inscribed on the wall of "Old

Blandford Church," near Petersburg, Va.,

in which town Power played an engage-

ment:

Thou art crumbling to the dust, old pile!

Thou art hastening to thy fall;

And round thee, in thy loneliness,

Clings the ivy to the wall.

Thy worshippers are scattered now,

Who loved before thy shrine,

And silence reigns where anthems rose,

In days of "Auld Lang Syne."

And sadly sighs the wandering wind,

Where oft, in years gone by,

Prayers rose from many hearts to Him,

The Highest of the High.

The tramp of many a busy foot

That sought thy aisles, is o'er,

And many a weary heart around,

Is still forever more.

How deep the spirit now!

We hear the distant city din;

Salad for the Solitary.

With a brush-work, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest

fruit, the other the least; the one gives the greatest

fruit, the other the least; the one gives the greatest

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